

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

VOL. XII. NO. 215.

GETTYSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10th, 1914.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

A SPECIAL "ARROW" COLLAR OFFER

4 Styles of "ARROW" COLLARS which we will sell assorted as you wish

6 FOR 50c.

We will not sell less than the half-dozen at this special price although these goods can be bought, in less quantity at 2 for 25c.

Two collars for nothing if you buy a half dozen.

This offer good to July 1st. Only.

Eckert's Store "ON THE SQURE"

PHOTOPLAY

LUBIN SELIG ESSANAY LUBIN
THE TELL-TALE STAR
An interesting and exciting story.
KIDPINK AND THE MAHARAJAH
The sheriff after reading a book on rein carnation dreams that he sees the outlaw as a ruler of India.
THE WARNING
By a signal made of a broom and a table cloth she is instrumental in capturing the villain.
TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, "AN AFFAIR OF DRESS," EDISON,
THIRD OF THE DOLLY OF THE DAILIES SERIES.
NEXT FRIDAY, JUNE 12, THE ROYAL SLAVE, FOURTH NUMBER
OF THE KATHLYN SERIES
Show Starts 6:30 Admission 5 Cents

WALTER'S THEATRE

N. C. Miller UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT W. E. Ziegler
—TO-NIGHT—
THE WAY TO HEAVEN VITAGRAPH DRAMA
A child's appeal brings a desperado to repentance. He protects her in her helplessness and leads her to the loving care of others.
A NIGHT OUT EDISON COMEDY
They got their overcoats mixed in the restaurant fire and spent the night in jail for assaulting the man who started it.
BRIDGET BRIDGES IT ESSANAY COMEDY
A SIDE SPLITTER
Coming June 19th, Quo Vadis, in 8 parts—a marvelous Kleine-Cines
Photo Drama. A sensational success throughout Europe and America
Show Starts 6:30 Admission 5 Cents

...FLY TIME..

is rapidly approaching, a little time and attention put to your Stables, Hen House and Out Buildings, at this time will rid you all summer of these disease carrying pests. We have several preparations which if properly applied will guarantee you the above result.

We will be glad to show them and explain their use to you anytime you call.

People's Drug Store
Rexall & A. D. S. Remedies Victrolas Kodaks

...The Quality Shop...

offers you a line of the smartest suiting of the season with care in the construction of our garments that makes our store the best place to buy your spring clothing.

The best things in Haberdashery in our store always

WILL. M. SELIGMAN

J. D. LIPPY, TAILOR

Careful analysis of individual requirements is the basis of our exclusive tailoring service. Fabrics in accord with the latest mandates of fashion.

SUITS \$16.00 UP

J. D. LIPPY, TAILOR

.... LIGHTNING RODS

To the public: Any one wanting new rods of almost any make--cable or copper twisted--or wanting old lightning rods repaired at reasonable price should call on either phone.

H. E. RIDDELMOSER

Mcknightstown, Pa.

EIGHTY SECOND COMMENCEMENT

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer Makes Address to Forty Two Graduates of Gettysburg College. Honorary Degrees Conferred.

Forty two young graduates received their diplomas at the eighty second annual commencement of Gettysburg College in Brum Chapel this morning.

The address to the class was made by Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction whose theme was "Truth." Dr. Schaeffer's address was of the earnest, forceful character, which always marks his public utterances.

Dr. Carl G. Schulz, announced as the commencement orator, was prevented by illness from attending.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the address the diplomas were presented by President Granville as the graduates marched across the tastefully decorated stage.

The conferring of degrees was conducted in the usual manner. Dr. Philip M. Bikle, dean, presenting the candidates to President Granville who awarded the degrees and diplomas. Prof. Clyde B. Stover placing the appropriate hood.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was given to Prof. Carl G. Schulz, superintendent of public instruction in the State of Minnesota; and to Dr. McCluney Radcliffe, a prominent surgeon connected with the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was given Dr. L. L. Uhl, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a retired missionary from India; to Rev. John T. Huddle, of Washington, D. C.; and to Dr. Philip M. Bikle, of Gettysburg. Dr. Bikle was presented for his degree by Prof. A. R. Wentz.

The degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon Prof. Charles H. Huber, of Gettysburg; and the degree of Doctor of Science upon Dr. William J. Gies, of Columbia University, New York City.

The Master of Arts degree was conferred upon Miss Virginia Beard, of Gettysburg; and the Master of Science degree upon Dr. Clifford C. Hartman, of Pittsburgh.

The salutary was given by John Ward Fisher and the valedictory by Spurgeon M. Keeny. The college hymn, "Blessing and Honor and Glory and Power" and "Ein Feste Burg" were sung by the audience.

Honors and prizes not already made public were announced as follows:

General Final Highest Honors, Spurgeon M. Keeny.

Highest Class Honors: Senior, Spurgeon M. Keeny; Junior, Charles Gruber.

Class Honors: Senior, Victor E. Amspacher, Edgar M. Faber, John W. Fisher, Frank H. Kramer, John R. Lovell; Junior, Winfred W. Smith, John H. L. Trout, Charles P. Cessna; Sophomore, Eva Duse, Willis S. Hinman, Ottis H. Rechard, Jr., Lewis N. Snyder; Freshman, Lawrence E. Ross.

Department Final Honors in Chemistry, Victor E. Amspacher.

Department Final Honors in German, Marion Jean Sheely.

Graeff Prize in English, Spurgeon M. Keeny, with honorable mention of Glenn F. Poffinberger.

Hassler Prize in Latin, Charles Gruber, with honorable mention of Archie R. Hollinger, Nina V. Rudisill.

Snyder Prizes in Social Problems, first prize, Charles H. Shauck; second prize, Paul S. Wagner; with honorable mention of Victor E. Amspacher, Charles Gruber.

Pittsburgh Prize in Chemistry, Lloyd E. Schrack, with honorable mention of Stephen H. Liebensberger, Luther K. Musselman.

Baum Prize in Mathematics, Ottis H. Rechard, with honorable mention of Clarence G. Webner, Lewis N. Snyder.

Brewer Prize in Greek, Willis S. Hinman, with honorable mention of Lewis N. Snyder.

Muhlenberg Freshman Prize, Willis R. Brennenman, with honorable mention of David E. Maxwell.

The members of the graduating class numbered forty two. They are,

Classical Course: Clyde Lowen-Bream, Raymond Lewis Carbaugh, Clyde Augustus Fasick, John Ward Fisher, Raymond Edward Haas, Clement Roscoe Hoffman, Spurgeon Milton Keeny, Frank Henry Kramer, James Enfield Leaman, John Roy Lovell, Joseph McGill, Monroe Eugene Miller, Oscar Berger Noren, Glenn Fox Poffinberger, Titus Calvin Rohrbaugh, Charles Henry Shauck, Marion

Jean Sheely, Thomas Leslie Smith, Alfred Towne Sutcliffe, Marguerite Eleanor Weaver, Adolph C. Weidenbach, Samuel Evaristus Wicker, Robert Jacob Wolf.

Scientific Course: Victor Earl Amspacher, Clinton William Beard, Claude Francis Beegle, Chester Franklin Coleman, Frederick Bowman Dapp, Norman Edward Diehl, Edgar McCreary Faber, George Henry Haberlen, John Franklin Houch, Jr., G. Edgar Miller, John Croft Myers, Oliver Kane Reed, John Reigle Rupp, William Henry Sandlas, George Harrison Schaeffer, Samuel Kline Spicher, Otto Leroy Thomas, Ralph Montineau Weaver, Lester Stewart Witherow.

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CLASS REUNIONS

On Tuesday afternoon the class of 1889 dedicated the Philosophy room in Glatfelter Hall to the memory of Rev. J. H. Straw, a former member of the class who died a martyr to the cause of missions in Africa. A memorial tablet was unveiled and several addresses were made. The class banquet was held at Hotel Gettysburg in the evening.

The class of 1889 celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their graduation this week. Their banquet was held at the Eagle Hotel on Tuesday night, seventeen of the class being there for the event.

Without any formal notification, about twenty members of the class of 1909 returned to celebrate their fifth year of graduation and enjoy an informal supper.

The class of 1874 held a banquet in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of their graduation at the Eagle Hotel on Tuesday evening. A very large proportion of the membership was present and the class, which contains many men who have attained prominence, observed the occasion in a fitting manner.

The tenth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1904 was observed with a banquet at the Eagle Hotel Tuesday evening. Twenty members, three ex-members, seven wives of members and four children made up the party of banqueters. The class is preparing to give to the college a wall from the main gateway to the Tiber. It will conform in architecture to the gateway.

The reception by President and Mrs. Granville at the White House on Tuesday evening was very largely attended. The college orchestra played during the evening. Other events were a dance given by the Phi Delta Theta fraternity in their house and banquets by other fraternities. Phi Kappa Psi banqueting at the Eagle Hotel; Phi Gamma Delta in their house; Sigma Chi and Alpha Tau Omega at Hotel Prospect street.

The alumni collation this afternoon finished the formal exercises of the week.

MADE ARREST

Local Minister Honored at Grove City College Commencement.

For postgraduate work at Harvard University and Grove City College the latter institution at its annual commencement to-day granted Rev. R. S. Oyler, pastor of the Methodist Church, of this place, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The degree was granted by President A. T. Ormond, Ph. D., LL. D., who for thirty years was head of the department of philosophy of Princeton University. Rev. Mr. Oyler will return to Gettysburg Thursday evening of this week.

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Times and News Publishing Company

W. LAVERE HAVER,
Secretary and Treasurer.

PHILIP R. BIKLE,
President.

PHILIP R. BIKLE, Editor.

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BELL PHONE UNITED PHONE
Office in Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



Want ads. One cent per word each insertion. Two cents a word if guaranteed first page position. Resolutions of respect, poetry and memorials one cent per word.

TO OUR READERS

The Gettysburg Times takes absolutely no part in politics, being neutral on all such matters. Anything that appears in our general news columns, concerning state or national politics, is furnished us by The American Press Association, a concern which gives the same news to Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, or Socialist papers and which is strictly non-partisan. Our advertising columns are open to all candidates of all parties.

Headquarters For

Fisherman's Supplies

The Season Opens NEXT MONDAY

Rods

In bamboo, steel, split bamboo and lance wood. Various lengths and weights.

Lines

Of every description. From the 5 cent kind up to the handsomely wrapped silk lines of the best grade.

Reels

Come at most any price you want to pay. The best assortment we have ever shown.

Leaders and Flies

Hundreds of Leaders and Flies. Fly fishermen will find a harvest here. You will find your favorite fly. Also a lot of LANDING NETS and BASKETS.

THE BEST SELECTION WE EVER HAD

Adams County Hardware Co.

We Can Serve You Best Now

The best time to buy Furniture is when you have the widest choice of selection. Just now we have an unusually fine line of

Furniture

among the many useful things just at this time are:

Refrigerators Couches
Parlor Suites Rockers
Bed Room Suites Mattresses

which are priced unusually low, considering the quality. We can fill your wants in furniture. Also the Standard sewing machine.

H. B. Bender, "THE HOME FURNISHER"

FOR SALE

A good supply during fruit season of cherry baskets, peach baskets, bushel hampers, quart berry boxes and crates for your fruit. Also apple barrels.

Soliciting your patronage.

U. S. Kleinfelter
Biglerville, Pa.

RAPS PRESIDENT ON TOLLS BILL

"Great Blunder" to Foist Issue to Front, Says Tillman.

HARMFUL TO HIS PARTY

Southern Senator Fears Next House Is in Danger and Says Act "Stagers Common Sense."

Washington, June 10.—Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, gave a flash of his old-time fighting spirit over tolls exemption repeal.

He declared he would vote for repeal only because he felt his state party convention had freed him from the tolls joker in the Baltimore plat form.

The senate debate for the most part followed the old lines laid weeks ago, but Senator Tillman's speech was an unusual criticism of the president. He arraigned the chief executive in vigorous terms for bringing the tolls issue before the country at this time and endangering the chances of the Democratic party in the congressional elections next fall.

"It staggers my common sense, and I have been unable to understand just why he projected the fight.

"It is of great importance to the Democratic party to control the house at the next election, and I believe the president should have kept quiet until that election was over. It would have been the best statesmanship, as well as the best politics to have done so."

Even with a night session there is no certainty of an early vote on the first proposition to be disposed of, the so-called Simmons-Norris amendment qualifying the terms of the bill.

Senator Borah, one of the leaders of the anti-repeal forces, predicted that this amendment alone would be debated for hours.

Action within the next day or two however, hardly can be avoided unless there are unexpected developments or an unlooked-for filibuster on the part of the anti-repeaters.

Party leaders are unwilling to make a prediction of the day when a vote can be taken.

Senator Tillman's speech, which was a distinct shock to the administration forces, came at the close of a day devoted to discussion. Senator Smith, of Michigan, had finished his speech in opposition to repeal, and Senator Lewis had replied to that portion of it which charged the president with seeking to win England as an ally in the Mexican matter. Senator Burton had spoken briefly in favor of repeal, and Senator Lippitt had explained he would vote against repeal in order to preserve American rights to exempt coastwise trade should such right exist.

"Until this issue was pressed to the front the course of Democracy had been onward and upward," Senator Tillman declared. "The opposition was hopeless and helpless. There was wisdom in silence and it would have been golden.

"There are so many things of more importance that the Democrats ought to do, that I must say in my opinion it was a great blunder on the part of the president. The Democratic party instead of presenting a solid united front is split into contending factions."

The senator recalled that Theodore Roosevelt, "the great advertiser," had come home "delighted." Then he devoted his attention to Senator O'Gorman, anti-repeat leader, suggesting that in the next campaign the New York senator would have some difficulty in explaining why two planks so antagonistic as the tolls and ship subsidy planks were placed into the Baltimore platform.

MAN MURDERS RABBI

Shoots Woman and Kills Pastor Coming to Her Aid.

Philadelphia, June 10.—Rabbi Lewis Erschansky, thirty-eight years old, was shot and instantly killed by Thomas Burns when the former attempted to assist Mrs. Fannie Eisenbaum, whom Burns had shot and probably fatally wounded.

The shooting took place in front of the rabbi's residence, near the center of the city. When Rabbi Erschansky heard the shot that wounded Mrs. Eisenbaum he rushed out of his house to investigate and found the woman lying unconscious on the street. He was about to carry her to the sidewalk when he was himself shot by Burns who was hiding behind a tree.

Burns later was captured, but declined to give any reason for his act. He was infatuated with the wounded woman, the police say, and they believe that she had sprung his attentions.

Paris Snowbound In June.

Paris, June 10.—Snowdrifts on the boulevards of Paris was a novel June sight here yesterday. More than two inches of snow and hail fell and along the Champs Elysees cab horses had trouble in dragging their vehicles through piles of snow, which drifted in the high winds.

Arbitration Depends on Operators.

Washington, June 10.—Arbitration of the Colorado coal strike hinges upon the brief of the operators mailed from Denver to Chairman Foster, of the house mines committee.

GRAPE Vine Sunday School will hold a festival on Saturday, the 13th.

BASE BALL SCORES

Following is the Result of Games Played Yesterday.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Detroit—Athletics, 7; Detroit, 3. Batteries — Shawkey, Lapp; Dubuc, Main, Stanage. At Chicago—Chicago, 7; New York, 4. Batteries — Cicotte, Scott, Schalk; Keating, Gossett, Nunnemaker. At Cleveland—Boston, 9; Cleveland, 6. Batteries — Carrigan, Collamore, Blundin, Bassler; Cooper, Coombs, Cadby. At St. Louis—St. Louis, 4; Washington, 3. Batteries — Hamilton, Agnew; Engel, Harper, Henry, Williams.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.
Athletics 22 17 14 Boston, 23 22 511
Washington, 27 19 587 Chicago, 22 25 468
Detroit, 28 21 571 New York, 17 26 395
St. Louis, 25 21 543 Cleveland 14 32 304

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia, 3; Pittsburgh, 1. Batteries — Mayer, Killefer; Neelman, Gibson.

At Boston—Boston, 3; Cincinnati, 2. Batteries — Hess, Gowdy; Davenport, Clark.

At Brooklyn—Brooklyn, 2; Chicago, 1. Batteries — Pfeffer, Reubach, McCarthy; Zabel, Bresnahan.

At New York—St. Louis, 5; New York, 2. Batteries — Sallee, Wingo; Demaree, McLean.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.
New York, 25 15 625 Brooklyn 20 21 488
Cincinnati, 28 19 596 St. Louis, 23 22 489
Pittsburg, 23 19 548 Philadelphia, 19 22 432
Chicago, 23 24 489 Boston, 13 20 317

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

At Chicago—Chicago, 3; Brooklyn, 2. Batteries — Prendergast, Wilson; Houck, Peters, Land.

At Kansas City—Kansas City, 2; Buffalo, 1. Batteries — Cullop, Easterly; Anderson, Brown, Blair.

At Indianapolis—Baltimore, 7; Indianapolis, 6. Batteries — Suggs, Wileman, Jacklitsch; Mullin, Harter, Rarden.

At St. Louis—St. Louis, 6; Pittsburgh, 5. Batteries — Groom, Hartley; Caminiti, Barzer, Berry.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.
Baltimore, 24 16 600 Brooklyn, 18 29 474
Chicago, 26 19 578 St. Louis, 25 25 468
Buffalo, 20 19 513 Indianapolis, 19 25 452
Pittsburg, 20 22 476 Kan.Cty 21 24 447

TRISTAR LEAGUE.

At Harrisburg—Harrisburg, 8; Wilmington, 1. Batteries — Shabek, Miller; Stiebel, Schollenberger.

At Allentown—Allentown, 10; Trenton, 2. Batteries — Kunkel, Monroe; Graves, Smith.

At Reading—York, 7; Reading, 9. Batteries — Blackwood, Leidgate; Baker, Nagle.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.

Reading, 18 11 621 Wilming 14 12 538
Harrisburg, 18 13 581 Trenton, 12 17 414
Allentown, 17 13 567 York, 7 20 256

FIRST TRIAL PROVES SHAMROCK'S SPEED

Leaves Older Yachts Far Aft in Test Race.

Southampton, June 10.—Shamrock IV, Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, showed excellent form in her first race sailed in the Solent.

She outpaced the older Shamrock, leaving the trial yacht far astern. Only a light breeze was blowing and both Shamrocks carried a full spread of fair weather canvas. Beating to eastward, the challenger quickly drew away.

On the run back, with jackyards and spinakers set, the challenger took a still more commanding lead, gaining some five minutes in a four-mile stretch.

"I propose to sail the Shamrock IV, to New York," said Sir Thomas Lipton. "I do not propose to ask the New York Yacht club for any further favors; that is, I will not request the privilege of towing the Shamrock. I will sail the challenger across. If she sinks, well and good, but if she wins she will win without any concessions, and the American public will grant me the honor of having won without any sympathetic violation of the deed of gift or through any favors."

The correspondence between the mediators and the Constitutionalists is expected to be brought to an end in another day or two. The mediators are inconsistent on their original terms—declaration of an armistice and broadening the discussion from international to internal questions. The Constitutionalists are willing to meet the mediators on a satisfactory basis as to the latter point, but they are absolutely determined against declaring any armistice.

The Constitutionalists undoubtedly will have a voice in the selection of the man to be provisional president, and at least two of their number would occupy the principal portfolios of the new cabinet.

The land and educational questions are simply declarations of principles on which reforms later may be undertaken and do not commit the new government to any definite program.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR dull; winter clear, \$3.85@4.10; city mills, fancy, \$5.9@2.25.

RYE FLOUR firm, at \$3.60@3.70 per barrel.

WHEAT quiet; No. 2 red, \$1.01@2.02.

CORN firm; No. 2 yellow, \$1.5@2.82c; OATS quiet; No. 2 white, 47@47.2c; long grain, 45@45.2c.

POTATOES steady, 17c@17.5c; bush, new, \$1.50@2.25 per barrel.

POULTRY: Live steady; hens, 16@17c; old roosters, 10@11c. Dressed firm; choice fowls, 17@2c; old roosters, 12c.

BUTTER firm; fancy creamy, 29c.

Eggs steady; selected, 25@27c; nearby, 24c; western, 24c.

LIVE STOCK PRICES.

CHICAGO—HOGS active; bulk of salves, \$8.10@8.20; light, \$7.95@8.22c; mixed, \$7.95@8.25; heavy, \$7.75@8.25; rough, \$7.75@7.90; pigs, \$7.10@7.80.

CATTLE steady; beefes, \$7.20@7.25; steers, \$6.80@6.85; stockers and feeders, \$6.35@6.25; cows and heifers, \$3.70@3.65; calves, \$7.70@7.25.

POEY STEADY; sheep, \$1.55@1.60;

YEARLING steady; lambs, \$6.50@6.85; sprinles, \$7.50@8.85.

Uncle Sam Kind to Employees.

Washington, June 10.—President Wilson signed an executive order directing that all federal employees, wherever stationed, be required to work only four hours on Saturday between June 15 and Sept. 15 of the present year.

FOR SALE: six collie puppies. Apply Charles E. Weikert, R. 13, Gettysburg, Pa.—advertisement

PUBLIC auction Saturday afternoon and evening, June 13, 1914. G. W. Spangler.—advertisement

PEACE PACT AGAIN IN SIGHT

American Plan Goes to Mexican Delegates.

CARRANZA REPLY ON WAY

U. S. to Demand No Indemnity, Despite Great Cost of Vera Cruz Occupation.

Niagara Falls, Ont., June 10.—Plans for the pacification of Mexico took a spurt in the mediation race, and a working agreement between the Huerta representatives and the American delegates in the "A. B. C." conferences here is expected within a few days.

Optimism was as prevalent as was the gloom before Huerta countermanded his order for the blockade of Tam-pico and the halting of the rebel ammunition on the steamship Antilla.

That affairs were actually "progressing satisfactorily," as Secretary of State Bryan has been accustomed to describing the situation, was indicated by a statement made by Frederick W. Lehmann, one of the American delegates, after a private conference with Ambassador Da Gama, of Brazil, chief of the mediating envoys.

"We are getting down to the definite things in our discussions," said Mr. Lehmann. "Minister Naon has said

MEXICO A LAND OF BIG STAKES

Wonder Stories of the Riches Many Have Found There.

MINES THAT ARE LIKE BANKS

Where the Owner Can Draw on Their Resources Whenever He Pleases. Ore Worth \$86,000 a Ton—Cattle That Just Multiply and Oil That Gushes an Endless Flood.

Mexico is the land of big stakes. That is one reason for its revolution, says the New York Times. It is also one reason why many people believe, as Senator Borah says, "If the flag ever goes up south of the Rio Grande it will never come down." The country is too rich to let go. Humboldt called it "the treasure house of the world." It is all that and more.

A man who has spent years of his life on the south of the Rio Grande and whom the stormy times of the last few years in Mexico had driven back to New York was telling about the things he had left behind there the other night and this was the burden of his tale.

He told of a subterranean lake of oil known to be 200 miles long and from fifteen to twenty miles wide, with a "gusher" that flowed more than 300,000 barrels in twenty-four hours before it was "capped" and regulated; of valleys filled with oil in that twenty-four hours, of vegetation drenched for miles around. Oil—crude oil—is worth roughly a dollar a barrel at the well.

He told of ore that assayed \$86,000 to the ton and hundreds of tons of it in sight, and the eyes of the Americans who listened opened wide.

"Under Spanish rule," said the man from Mexico, "the mines of Guanajuato alone produced over \$1,000,000 worth of silver. The mine owners made millions so quickly that one of the Spanish viceroys was forced to issue an order forbidding them from scattering handfuls of silver on the streets because it increased the number of beggars.

Offered to Pay Off National Debt.

"Well, it isn't very different in the year 1914. For instance, there's Pedro Alvarado, the owner of the Palmillo mine. He is an ignorant Indian who has no idea how much money he has nor any idea of its value. In the last few years he has built fifty churches, at least 100 schools and has given away several fortunes."

"Before Porfirio Diaz abdicated Pedro offered to pay off the national debt of Mexico. When his request was refused he asked to be allowed to pay off a piece of it anyway. When this was also refused he became indignant and gave away a fortune estimated to equal the interest on the national debt for five years.

"There's a mine in the state of Sonora which is probably the richest mine in the northern half of the republic. It has high gold as well as silver values. An engineer from Canada was allowed to visit the mine, and the Mexican owner asked him to sample and assay a shipment of thirty-six tons of ore that were going to the smelter. The owner said he didn't think the smelter was giving him full value. He didn't care for the money, but he wasn't going to be robbed by anybody."

"The engineer assayed the ore. Then, thinking he had made a mistake, he had two other assayers check his results. All three assays checked within a few dollars. That ore was worth more than \$86,000 a ton. The owner used the mine as a bank. Whenever he needed money he would send a few men into it and take out a small fortune. I know that, because I was the engineer."

Poor Men's Banks.

"There are lots of creeks or streams, particularly in Sonora, where a peon or a Chinaman can make from \$5 to \$10 a day washing for gold with an ordinary pan. They call these little streams 'poor men's banks.'

"You mustn't forget the cattle when you think of Mexico. Until the various armies began to eat them up the owners in the two big ranches of Sonora and Chihuahua had no idea how many cows they had. A few years ago when I was mining on the big ranch in Sonora we never attempted to buy meat. We just gave the Chinese cook a Winchester and two cartridges—only two, because he'd go hunting if you gave him more and wouldn't return—and that night we'd have beefsteak for supper. You see, these ranches were as big as the ordinary county, and as there were no fences nobody knew how many cattle there were."

"Then there are the oil fields. Nobody knows yet how rich they are, but oil experts have said that the oil fields of Mexico have greater productive power than those of California and Texas combined. There is known to exist one subterranean lake of oil that is 200 miles long and from fifteen to twenty miles wide. The greatest 'gusher' or flowing well in the world is in that part of Mexico. Before it was 'capped' and the production regulated it flowed at the rate of over 300,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. The oil rose into the air, driven by the pressure below, for nearly a hundred feet and before the well was cut off it had filled every valley and depression for five miles around."

No Matter of Wages.

"No person can live properly on less than a thousand a year," says a writer. "But some persons wouldn't live properly no matter how much or how little they got."

Queer Things That Turn Up in the News

WIZARD EDISON PAINTS FUTURE

Calls His Work Small Compared to What Will Come.

"POSSIBILITIES BOUNDLESS"

"I Don't Know Much About Electricity; Nobody Does," He Says—Present Ambitions Centered Upon Generating Vital Current Direct From Coal—Big Results From Storage Battery.

Thomas A. Edison, who in 1876 sent current of electricity through a vacuum and thus proved that light was a form of energy, stood under a myriad of the latest improvements of his first commercial light and told experts of the electrical world in Philadelphia of the big things that are yet to be accomplished by the harnessed lightning.

"Seventy-five per cent of the electrical problems are still to be worked out," he said. "For the next generation of Edisons there are millions of things. For this Edison I should like to be able to generate electricity from coal without first changing it into steam. But it will take too long to perfect, and I am getting old."

"Electricity will come on all railroads—that is, where traffic is congested. I remember when I told Frank Thompson thirty-two years ago, when he was a vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad, that this would be true and he laughed at me—yes, laughed at me—and some of the reports about my work at that time by the railroad men who are today using electricity were the worst reports about anything that I have ever read."

Realizing Dream of His Life.

"I have been working upon my new storage battery for over five years now and believe it has reached the point where the dream of my life to see everything in the cities electrified can be realized. Four years ago I guaranteed about a million dollars' worth of these batteries to run for four years. Fully 400,000 of these have stood that test, and I am ready to increase the guarantee."

Elaborating upon the process of generating electricity from coal, Mr. Edison quoted in the New York Times as follows:

"It will require ten or fifteen years' more work. It has taken nearly a hundred years to reach the point we have now attained."

The new method, it was explained, would ultimately eliminate boiler, engine and dynamo in the transformation of the heat produced by the burning of coal into electrical power. By the present process of making electricity, in which these three middle processes must be used, approximately 30 per cent of the original power is lost through the boiler, 70 per cent of this is lost through the engine, and only 90 per cent of the engine power is finally converted into kilowatts. More than four-fifths of the original power is lost through 'the intricate process,' and whereas one pound of good coal should produce four kilowatts for an hour, or five and a half horsepower, only three-fourths of a kilowatt hour is derived from it.

Electrically Propelled Ocean Liners.

When asked if it was possible to estimate the percentage of power which would be saved Mr. Edison said that that could not be done at present. When the new process has been perfected to the extent that more than 20 per cent of the coal power can be made use of it will be equal to the present process, and the equipment required for generating electricity will be insignificant compared to the present equipment.

"The possibilities are boundless," he said. "I can't anticipate them. I don't know much about electricity—nobody does. We know only one millionth of all there is to be known about it."

A few of those who have made a close study of the subject say that when the new process has been developed to a sufficient degree it will be possible to propel ocean liners by electricity, thereby saving the present great waste of power necessary where boilers and engines are used and making it possible for liners to travel with a much smaller tonnage of coal.

Speaking of flying machines, Mr. Edison said:

"The secret of flying is the bee. The body of the bee weighs seven thousand times as much as the wings which propel it. When we can do this then we will be doing something. The secret of the air is that it is as rigid as steel for speed."

FORESEES EUROPE AN ISLAND.

German Geologist Predicts Great Crevasses in Ural Region.

A curious prophecy as to the eventual fate of Europe is made by a well known geologist, Herr Goische. In one of the Berlin scientific reviews, he points out that since a certain period great crevasses have been produced on the continent and that thus Iceland and Greenland were separated from Scandinavia and a channel formed between England and the rest of Europe.

The tendency to the formation of crevasses, he adds, still exists, and the day may be foreseen when the sea will penetrate into the Ural regions and there spread from Lake Aral northward across the Kirghiz steppes to the mouth of the Obi river and the Arctic, thus making Europe an island.

Village Gossip Over One Phone Wire.

In a village near Chicago one party telephone line serves all those in the village, and when the company proposed recently to separate the line into private lines for the improvement of the service a protest was raised. It was found that every night after supper everybody in the village "rang in" and an hour of general gossip followed.

Daily Thought.

Nature, purity, perspicuity, simplicity never walk in the clouds. They are obvious to all capacities, and where they are not evident they don't exist.—Voltaire.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

CORN SOUPS.

CORN, which in the canned form is available at all seasons, makes a nice light soup, suitable for serving with almost any bill of fare. If you do not care for one kind of corn soup try another. There are many ways of making it, as may be seen by a glance at the recipes here given:

Easy to Prepare.

Corn Caramel Soup.—To three pints of stock add half a cupful of corn meal well browned in the oven, half a cupful of canned corn and let come slowly to boiling point. Boil five minutes. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

Royal Corn Soup.—This may be made when a chicken has been boiled. Take the broth that is left and the next day place it on the fire and add to it the remnants of the chicken meat and bones. There should be two quarts of stock. Simmer until the meat is in shreds and then strain. Flavor with a teaspoonful of salt, a little celery salt and cayenne. Add a cupful of canned sweet corn. Let it cook slowly for half an hour and just before serving add a cupful of sweet cream or rich milk.

Savory Fare.

Corn Chowder.—Take four thin slices of white bacon, two medium sized onions, one quart of milk, four potatoes one can of corn. Fry the bacon slowly to a crisp, then take it out and cut fine the onions and potatoes. Place in the fat, cover with boiling water and cook till tender. The water should be allowed to almost boil away. Before serving add one can of corn and one quart of scalded milk. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Let it boil once and serve.

A Plain or Rich Soup.

Corn Puree.—Chop canned corn fine, add a quart of boiling water and a teaspoonful of minced onion. Stew for three-quarters of an hour after it reaches the boil. Rub through a colander into a saucepan, add salt, pepper, three tablespoonsfuls of butter rolled in as much flour and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Heat a pint of milk and when the corn mixture has simmered five minutes longer turn first one, then the other, into a bowl. Stir well and serve. Veal or chicken stock may be substituted for boiling water to make a richer soup.

Try Waxed Paper.

If a piece of waxed paper is placed under the centerpiece on a polished table it will prevent the linens from adhering to the table in hot weather, as well as prevent a stain from cold water or an overfilled vase or rose bowl.—New York Press.



STRIPED AND CHECKED COTTONS GENERALLY FAVERED FOR SUMMER WEAR

Perhaps no garment has been more excellent model for the heavy black and white checked cotton in which it is generally accepted and found more perfectly suited to the purpose for which it was designed, than the sports coat. For summer time wear it is being made up in the heavy reversible cottons and cotton duckets, ratine and numberless other heavy novelty styles.

This dress may be copied in size 36, with 5½ yards of 42-inch material.

Black and white striped voile is effectively used in the second dress, size 32. This design closes in the back, has a surplus bodice in drop-shoulder style, and a three-piece skirt with a shaped peplum.

To make this frock in size 36, 5½ yards of 36-inch material is needed.

No. 8130, sizes 32 to 44.
No. 8058, sizes 34 to 42.
No. 8211, sizes 34 to 44.
Each pattern 15 cents.

To obtain either pattern illustrated, enclose this coupon and enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin. Be sure to state number of pattern and size, measuring over the fullest part of the bust. Address Pattern Department, care of this paper.

WEIRD HOUSE WARMING.

Bad For the Old and Helpless Natives In Dutch New Guinea.

Concerning a peculiar custom discovered among the natives of Dutch New Guinea, this interesting description is given by A. F. R. Wollaston in the Geographical Journal: "On top of the first steep ridge we came to the first native dwelling that we had seen in the country. It was a rectangular wooden structure, raised on piles about five feet from the ground. A sloping ladder or two or three poles tied together leads to a narrow platform, behind which is the living room about ten or twelve feet square. In the middle of the floor is a square fireplace, usually lined with sand or small stones. The walls are made of split poles placed closely together, and the roof is made of the leaves of pandanus or of a palm if any happen to grow in the neighborhood. There was a mystery about that first house which we were never able to solve. It was evidently quite newly built, a small clearing had been made about it and a few bananas and dragonflies recently planted."

"Outside the house were a number of men, women and children, the men occupied in cooking large quantities of yams and sweet potatoes and great lumps of pig's flesh. We naturally supposed that it was a sort of house warming, as in one sense it turned out to be. The men shook their heads and pointed in a mysterious way toward the house and made the curious sign which they are accustomed to make when they talk of something disagreeable. Then they invited us to enter the house, where we found an old man sitting by the fire. He was diseased and decrepit, but appeared by no means likely to die. He took a keen interest in our appearance and enjoyed the tobacco which we gave him.

"When we returned five days later we found the place utterly deserted and the house a blackened heap of ashes, on the top floor of which were lying the charred remains of human bones. It was impossible for any one to say five days earlier that the old man was going to die—indeed, he must have lived for months or even years. What we may imagine to have happened was this: That as he was unable to get about any longer and find his own food, his relations did not intend to support him and that the preparations we saw were really for his funeral feast, but we were puzzled by their having cremated him in a newly built house."

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The GOVERNOR'S LADY

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play
by GERTRUDE STEVENSON
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STAGE PRODUCTION

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BY DAVID BELASCO

The story is a direct narrative of a fancied incompatibility between a self-made, iron-willed man and the humble, home-loving wife of his early struggles.

CHAPTER III.

Just how much more freely Katherine might have revealed her aims and inspirations, Slade could not know, for at that moment the butler appeared and engaged his attention.

As the man withdrew, Slade spread wide his arms and announced grandiloquently:

"The gentleman of the water-front crowd, if you please. Mr. Wesley Merritt, the gentleman who wasn't going to darken my door, is here!"

He broke off with a loud, mirthless laugh. As well as any man who ever lived, he liked to feel the grip of his own power. He had come to the point where it was genuine satisfaction to humble men and conquer things.

"Wesley Merritt!" the senator was almost too surprised for speech. "After his abuse of you in the paper today—And Hunt! How did you do it?"

"This is the sort of thing I like," broke in Katherine, eagerly. "Oh, it's so exciting," she declared, her eyes glowing with eagerness and animation. "Oh, Mr. Slade, how did you make them kow-tow?"

Slade's reply was prevented by the brusque, excited entrance of Merritt and Hunt. The pair, angry and bellicose, strode into the room without a word. Merritt, small, wiry, energetic, was in the lead, followed closely by his shadow and echo, Hunt.

"Is it true?" he demanded angrily, before he realized that Slade was not alone. "How do you do, senator-Miss Strickland!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Lovely home you have, Mr. Slade," he added, trying to adjust himself to the scene he had not expected.

"An astonishing rumor has reached us," Mr. Slade, "he finally declared, getting down to the business of his invasion." "It concerns you, senator. It concerns every public-spirited man in the city. Is it true, Slade, that you have bought up our entire water front on which our residences—our old homes—the mansions of the city face, and that you intend building factories there?"

"Why, yes," Slade admitted, with maddening calmness.

"What?" Strickland almost shouted, completely astounded.

"But—but it can't be done," Merritt was so excited now that he stammered his words.

"It can't be done," echoed Hunt. He was well paid for being so under.

"Our best—"

"I live there," Hunt added, with accumulated emphasis.

"All of us," Merritt continued, "take pride in the view along the water front. It's damnable. Why, out of common decency, man—What do you want of factories, anyway?" he demanded, completely angered and out of patience.

Slade's voice was almost a drawl, it was so low-pitched and so provokingly calm. "Why didn't you and your associates protect your holdings?" he inquired.

"How'd we know a man with millions would come along and buy up the whole beach?" Merritt's wrath was getting beyond the control that Katherine's presence demanded.



Daniel Slade.

"Slade, if you persist in this," he



thundered, "I'm going to take off my coat and hit back. My paper has an enormous extra circulation, and I'll baste you once every day. If you propose running for governor, you won't get one vote in your own town. And in one month, or less, you'll find San Francisco has a gorgeous climate."

Slade was unperturbed by Merritt's threats or Merritt's bulldozing. "All right, Merritt," he advised, good-naturedly, "go ahead with your paper, I'll take my chances."

"You will, eh?" Merritt's tone was ominous. "What sort of factories are you going to build?"

"Well," drawled Slade, coolly, "I was thinking of putting up glue factories!"

"Glue!" The one word jumped from everyone's mouth at once. "Glue!" they all repeated, and looked at each other in consternation.

"The h—l you say," then remembering himself, "I beg your pardon, Miss Strickland."

"It can't be done," Merritt went on. "You can't build glue factories here," and he emphasized every word with an angry shake of his finger.

"By God, you—"

He broke off as he saw Bob Hayes stride into the room. Hayes, as Slade's lawyer and almost a member of the family, had the entree to the house at all times.

"Here's my lawyer," remarked Slade, dryly, "ask him."

"Of course it can be done," Hayes informed them, convincingly. "It's perfectly legitimate."

Then, as if to dismiss a perfectly obvious subject, he turned to the girl, who had been enjoying every point that Slade had scored.

Katherine's eyes lighted with warm welcome. It was the first time she had seen Hayes since she had returned. He was the man she had once wanted to marry, once before her father had given her the choice of Hayes or a finishing school in Paris and a tour of Europe. Now she greeted him with cordial friendship, but with none of the sweet tenderness he might have expected from her. Once she had looked up into his eyes and thought him a god. Now, her eyes blinded by the glare of ambition, she saw only a good looking chap, a struggling lawyer, a man who hadn't made any particular mark in the world. She turned Hayes' burning, penetrating gaze with cool, unflinching frankness. In another moment she had turned from him and was earnestly watching Slade, listening to his every word with eager intentness.

"You see, I'm a very simple sort of fellow," Slade was saying, "don't drink—don't smoke—don't keep yachts or horses, so I keep wo—" he stopped in his oft-repeated formula as he remembered Katherine's presence, "don't keep horses, so I must do something, as I was saying to Mrs. Slade today. I don't want to bother my neighbors, so I'll build high chimneys, so the smoke won't trouble you much. I'm going into the glue business. That is, of course," and he paused and surveyed the group about him with a complacent elevation of his eyebrows, "that is, unless you gentlemen can keep me busy in some other way. I'm a very active man."

Katherine leaned forward with tense expression to see how the man's opponents would take his game. The senator was smiling, Merritt tapping his foot restlessly.

"As he remembers," he never

hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further considered never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her value would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself.

Merritt's hasty departure was the signal for Katherine to adjust her wraps and remark: "We must be late for Triton."

Katherine followed her. "I must see you alone, Katherine. You're still free—there's no foreigner on the scene, is there, Katherine?"

"Bob," Katherine's voice was sweet but firm. "I don't think I shall ever marry now."

"Oh, nonsense," he protested.

"No," even more positively. "The more I see of men—but what's the use? There never was but one man I could have got on with, and I didn't happen to live in his time."

"Who was the boy?" Hayes asked, lightly.

"Strange," Katherine replied, pensively. "I've just been talking about him—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, Lord—that fellow," Hayes was much relieved. "Can I have tomorrow evening?"

"Yes—if you—yes—tomorrow evening, Bob."

Her voice lingered a bit on the Bob, and with quick impetuosity Hayes caught her hand and kissed it.

In another minute she had turned to Slade.

"Oh, Mr. Slade, won't you let me make a head of you?"

"A head of me?" Slade repeated in surprise.

"Think it over," Katherine suggested, as she and her father went out, leaving Hayes and Slade watching her proud, graceful figure until it disappeared from view.

Slade looked critically at Hayes for a moment or two after the girl had gone.

"Oh, now I remember," he suddenly exclaimed. "You're the chap she gave up for Paris a long time ago?"

"When she was twenty-one and I was twenty-four and six feet one inch of a western lawyer, just out of the woods. How does Mrs. Slade take to this governorship business?" he finished abruptly.

"She doesn't take to it," Slade's voice was hard.

"I was afraid she wouldn't."

"Well, nobody's going to stand in my way." A malignant light showed in his eyes.

"My boy, I'm out to win."

In spite of the fact that he was in full evening attire, he thrust his hands into his pockets and almost strutted about the room. "I outgeneraled that crowd here tonight. By God, I did! Do you know?" He paused in his walk and looked down on Hayes' six feet sprawled over one of the broaded chairs—"there's just a little drop of that fellow—Napoleon Bonaparte—in me!"

"Napoleon Bonaparte got on by leaving a woman behind," Hayes returned, seriously, refusing to enter into Slade's spirit of self-satisfied good humor.

"You mind your own d—n business, Bob," Slade turned on him, suddenly. "All right—I'm off to the opera. I only meant that Napoleon was a bad boy for you to follow, because he treated his first wife like a dirty dishrag. That's why I'm glad that second little Austrian hussy paid him back. That's all. I love Mrs. Slade. When I was sick with fever in your mining camp she was a mother to me."

"Don't forget that I made you," Slade reminded him. "I," and he tapped his chest. "I gave you your chance."

"I don't. All the same I'd hate to see you elected, because of Mrs. Slade. It seems to be the regular thing, becoming universal, for a very successful man to leave home the minute he's on his feet. Good night."

"One minute, Bob. You've given me a lot of good advice. I'll give you some. Are you in love with that girl?"

"Yes," Hayes grunted; "good night is that all?"

"No;" Slade paused, watching Hayes through narrowed eyelids. "That girl needs a large pie with every one of her fingers in it. Bob, I'm sorry for you. Your pie isn't big enough."

"Well—it's my pie! Good night," and he was gone.

After Hayes had gone, Slade sat his arms resting on the table, staring into space. Every now and then the corners of his mouth came down and his eyes narrowed. He was thinking of Katherine Strickland and Hayes. That woman for Hayes! Hayes must be a presumptuous pup to ever think of winning that queen. Such women were meant for the kings of the earth—not for their henchmen.

Suddenly Slade's eyes lighted with the fire of decision. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as the resolve to win Katherine Strickland became fixed in his mind. He longed to hurry after her—to tell her of his decision to fight, if not with, then for her. He was eager to show her just how much they two together could make out of life, a big, fine fight for position and power.

Even the thought of being governor was left in the distance as plan after plan raced through his mind, of greater conquests and bigger achievements, possibly only with a woman like Katherine Strickland for his wife. So absorbed and intense were his thoughts of the future with her for the moment he forgot completely the woman who for 30 years had kept her place as his wife. In all his dealings he had never

met obstacles, except to sweep aside.

As he remembered,

he never

hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further considered never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her value would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself.

Merritt's hasty departure was the signal for Katherine to adjust her wraps and remark: "We must be late for Triton."

Katherine followed her. "I must see you alone, Katherine. You're still free—there's no foreigner on the scene, is there, Katherine?"

"Bob," Katherine's voice was sweet but firm. "I don't think I shall ever marry now."

"Oh, nonsense," he protested.

"No," even more positively. "The more I see of men—but what's the use? There never was but one man I could have got on with, and I didn't happen to live in his time."

"Who was the boy?" Hayes asked, lightly.

"Strange," Katherine replied, pensively. "I've just been talking about him—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, Lord—that fellow," Hayes was much relieved. "Can I have tomorrow evening?"

"Yes—if you—yes—tomorrow evening, Bob."

Her voice lingered a bit on the Bob, and with quick impetuosity Hayes caught her hand and kissed it.

In another minute she had turned to Slade.

"Oh, Mr. Slade, won't you let me make a head of you?"

"A head of me?" Slade repeated in surprise.

"Did you hear about Muggins taking up settlement work?" "Yes; he usually works his creditors for 50 cents on the dollar."—Town Topics.

(Continued To-morrow)

His Specialty.

"Did you hear about Muggins taking up settlement work?" "Yes; he usually works his creditors for 50 cents on the dollar."—Town Topics.

"A SCRIMMAGE NEAR THE GOAL.

SINCE the British poloists have been in this country they have been working hard to perfect the finer points of team play. The Americans outgeneraled them time after time last year, and Lord Wimborne was anxious to guard his men against a repetition of the defeat from this source.

LITTLE BITS OF SPORTING CHAT

As a Paymaster Herzog Is a Great Ball Player.

NICKALLS HOLDS HIS JOB.

Yale Crew Coach Denies Rumor of Resignation—Dibble, Canadian Crack, Is After Diamond Sculls—France Now Going Mad Over Baseball—Dates For Soder Trials Are Settled.

Garry Herrmann regards Charley Herzog as a great manager and ball player, but a decided failure as a paymaster. Herzog volunteered to take care of the paying off job at Redland field, and his offer was accepted.

Sam Richards, the Boston distance swimmer, who is to meet Charles Durbarrow of Philadelphia in a special race on the Delaware river soon, has been presented with a solid gold medal by the New England Athletic Association Amateur union.

It is in recognition of his record breaking performance from the Battery to Sandy Hook last year at New York.

The indoor swimming season offered rather conclusive evidence of the superiority of the tridege crawl stroke over all others now used in this country, for it enabled Harry Heber, Perry McGillivray and Joseph Wheatley to make a number of national and world's records. Furthermore, they were the only ones to establish new marks.

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This caused some loud wailing. Many came to a speedy conclusion that they were being underpaid while lesser stars were getting plenty of money. Herrmann was the Mr. Sweepstakes to whom the tales were told. It

OFFICE OF 'FURIES' RAIDED BY POLICE

Arrest Four Women and Seize
Incriminating Papers.

HIGH WAGES FOR BURNING

Detectives Get List of Contributors
and Criminal Prosecutions May Be
Started.

London, June 10.—Scotland Yard
raided a secret headquarters of the
militant suffragettes on Tuthill street,
Westminster, from which the "furies"
have been directing their campaign of
destruction and retaliation since the
offices of the Woman's Social and Po-
litical Union was placed under police
surveillance.

As the result of evidence discovered
in the raid four women were arrested
and were arraigned on the charge of
conspiracy. They are Emmeline Hall,
Nellie Hall, Helen Arnes and Julia
Jameson.

During the hearing they attacked
the wardresses and policemen, biting,
kicking and scratching them. They
howled at the judge and had to be re-
strained from upsetting the counsel
table.

The detectives seized many papers
and books, some of which contained
the names of those who have been
contributing to the militant campaign
fund. It is said that criminal prosecu-
tions will be started at once against
these persons.

Documents were also found contain-
ing plans for burning buildings and
committing other outrages and showing
that high rewards were being paid
for carrying them out.

Fifty detectives took part in the
raid, surrounding the building so that
none of the occupants could escape.
The women had cleverly disguised the
nature of the offices and it was only
by accident that the Scotland Yard
men found the place. They were on
the trail of a well known militant leader,
who was suspected of being in a plot
to do personal violence to the king,
when she led them to the building.

The police did not act at once, but
waited until a number of women were
in the offices. Word had reached the
police that the militants had planned a
desperate demonstration at the state
ball at Buckingham Palace, with the
intention of disrupting this aristocratic
function. It is believed that de-
tails of the plot were worked out at
the Tuthill street place.

Ravages of the "furies" have aroused
public feeling to such an extent that it is
expected the session of par-
liament, which has just begun, will
take action designed to curb the grow-
ing violence of the women.

One of the peculiar features of the
suffrage situation is the attitude now
adopted by many clergymen. Destru-
ction of church edifices and interruption
of services have worked up the clergy to
such a state of wrath that many
have written open letters to the press
advocating that militants be allowed
to starve themselves to death in prison
if they so desire.

"Portrait of a Boy" Destroyed.

Birmingham, Eng., June 10.—A suf-
fragee vandal, armed with a butch-
er's cleaver, destroyed the "Portrait of a
Boy," by George Romney, in the
Birmingham Art Gallery. When arrest-
ed she gave the name of Miss Ryland.
The picture, which was valued at \$10,
000, was one of several paintings of
boys which brought fame to the art-
ist. He is best known in America for
his painting, "The Death of Wolfe."

DIVA WINS DIVORCE

Mme. Schumann-Heink's Matrimonial
Bonds Again Severed.

Chicago, June 10.—Mme. Ernestine
Schumann-Heink, the singer, won her
divorce from William Rapp, Jr., in
court here.

Judge Sullivan sustained a motion
made by the diva's attorneys and di-
rected the jury to find for the plain-
tiff.

William Rapp, Jr., lawyer husband of
Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink and author of the "Dearest Nonnie" love letters, conceded before court re-
convened that the prima donna had won her suit for divorce.

Rapp's defense was shattered abso-
lutely when his attorneys were barred
from going into the singer's past. It
seems that Rapp cut off such questions
as his counsel sought to put by the
nature of his answer to the complaint.

Talks 600 Miles by Radio.

London, June 10.—Guglielmo Mar-
coni talked over his wireless tele-
phone between here and Berlin, a
distance of 600 miles. He said after-
ward: "I could not hear all the words,
but the test was most promising, con-
sidering the distance."

Gets Whisky as Loan Security.

Washington, June 10.—Edward M.
Pattison, of Germantown, O., won title
to 210 barrels of whisky as security
for a loan of \$5500 claimed by trustees
in bankruptcy of David Rohrer, a Ger-
mantown distiller, who borrowed from
Pattison and failed.

Three Heat Deaths in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 10.—Three
deaths from the heat were reported
here when the thermometer registered
88 degrees, the record for forty years.

Observation.

Some guys are so stingy they won't
buy a drink for themselves when any-
body's around for fear the other fell-
low may get some pleasure watching
them drink it.

H. C. TWINING.

Tacoma's Commander, Ordered to
Prevent Tampico Blockade.



Photo by American Press Association.

WEALTHY MEXICANS FLEE FROM CAPITAL

Their Flight Indicates the Col-
lapse of Huerta.

Vera Cruz, Mex., June 10.—A spe-
cial train from Mexico City brought
many very wealthy Mexicans on their
way abroad, and this, stronger than
anything else that has appeared, indi-
cates the final collapse of the Huerta
government and to American expert
observers and Mexicans at Vera Cruz.

Members of the great ruling families
of five years ago, the land owners, the
científicos of the Diaz regime, have
come to the conclusion that it was time
to abandon their estates and flee.

They have clung persistently all
along to the hope that the provisional
government could save something out
of the wreck for them, and they have
contributed of their large means to
the many local loans that have been
made. They were the great resource of
Huerta.

Since they have deserted the capital
it is the opinion that one more im-
portant train can leave the capital,
and that will bring Huerta himself.
The Mexicans who came out beg that
their names be withheld from any
quotation, but they agree in this one
important thing: A fair election in
Mexico is impossible now and will be
impossible in the near future unless
it is supervised by the United States.

POSSE HUNTS ASSAILANT

Joins Police In Search For Man Who
Attacked Girl of 12.

Pottsville, Pa., June 10.—Attacked
a short distance from her home while
on an errand, Anna, the twelve-year-
old daughter of Richard Powell, of
East Mines, was the victim of an as-
sault by a man for whom the police
and a posse are searching.

A detail of Troop C of the state con-
stabulary is hunting through the
woods for miles around, and it is be-
lieved will soon capture the assailant,
said to be a tramp about thirty-five
years old.

The little girl, after she broke away,
dragged herself home and dropped ex-
hausted into her mother's arms.

A posse of citizens is assisting in
the man hunt, and vengeance is
threatened if the assailant falls into
their hands before the police get him.

T. R. GUEST OF SPAIN'S KING

Ambassador Takes Him to Summer
Palace Outside Madrid.

Madrid, June 10.—Accompanied by
Ambassador Willard and the Ameri-
can embassy staff, Colonel Roosevelt
left Madrid for the summer palace of
King Alfonso and Queen Victoria at
La Granja, forty miles distant.

Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of
the king and queen for four hours.
Luncheon was served while he was there.

Colonel Roosevelt and King Alfonso
were already acquainted, having met
in London at the funeral of King Ed-
ward VII.

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

Admittedly the highest class, most efficient
and economical quick-leavening
agent made, sold or used

STARS DON'T EARN THEIR SALARIES

Cobb and Speaker Getting
More Than They Should.

TY DEMANDS TOO MUCH.

Georgia Peach Must Be Coddled and
Catered to More Than Any Other
Ball Player—Tris is Willing to Work
His Hardest at All Times—Deserves
More of the Two.

There does not seem to be any scarcity
of ball players for the major leagues.
While great players will always be
scarce, athletes of average quality and
drawing fancy salaries are thicker than flies in berry time.

Recently at Fenway park, in Boston,
before the game there were twenty-six
players in Detroit traveling uniforms,
while twenty two wore the Boston re-

garding cards expect enormous
salaries, it is difficult to fully appreciate
how the common, ordinary herd
of ball players can feel they are enti-
tled to the princely salaries that pro-
fessional ball players are now receiving,
even during a season that is bound
to prove financial failure for at least
75 per cent of the leagues in this country
today.

There is no other line of business
more uncertain than baseball. Just at
a time when everything seems running
smoothly some unknown for trou-
ble crops up and destroys the picture.

Then, again, when a team is going
strong and the local fans are enthusi-
astic over the club's success the boys
commence to slip and drift toward the
bottom, killing all chances once more
of winning a championship.

Baseball clubs in the major leagues,
having the pick of 20,000 young play-
ers, always have a chance to furnish a
surprise for the home fans, and the
fan never gives up hope of having his
team hit a winning streak. If the base-
ball fans were not loyal to the game
there would be no fancy salaries for
the players. In fact, the boys would
be playing in rich luck if they had their
expenses paid for traveling around the
country in princely style, so it's to the
fans after all that we owe thanks for
the magnificence baseball plants erected
in most of the large cities to the glory
of our national game.

Unless the crowds display real en-
thusiasm for the home club's success
it is time for the management to figure
on a change of players, for there is
sure to come a time when even the best
of individual players become tiresome
to the fans, which is generally resent-
ed by the player.

MUSICAL HEADS AND FACES.

They Have a Shape All Their Own,
Says a German Scientist.

That all musicians are "freaks," so
far as their physical appearance goes,
is the opinion of Dr. Paul Soin, the
German scientist. Not only this, but he
finds that, regardless of their race or
nationality, all persons of marked mu-
sical ability show a close resemblance
to one another in the shape of their
heads and faces. The head and coun-
tenance of the typical musician often
look very much like those of the lion or
the sphinx.

The musical head and face are of a
primitive type, because musical genius
is a reversal to the time when men
communicated their ideas by means of
more or less inarticulate sounds. But,
although the musician's physical ap-
pearance is barbaous in its lack of
beauty and regularity, it contains no
hint of degeneracy.

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If either Speaker or Cobb could guar-
antee to play up to his very best
form he would be worth every dollar
that his contract calls for, for the rea-
son that both men are exceptionally
brilliant all around performers, and,
while the "Georgia Peach" manages to
keep in the public eye, he is not the
man for a ball team that is Tris Speaker
or Cobb loves to retire from the
game when things are not going to his
liking and seems to be allowed to do
it at will.

Ty Cobb loves the limelight. No
player ever sought applause and played
to the gallery equal to this star per-
former. Mr. Cobb comes under the
same head as the famous grand opera
artists, who love to be coddled and
catered to. The Tiger management is
forced to handle this man as they
would a fine porcelain vase, because
they cannot afford to lose his services
on the ball field.

While it can be appreciated why
Cobb and Speaker are getting more
than they deserve, it is hard to see
why Ty Cobb deserves more than the
two.

NOT GIVING TIME.

Customer—I want this suit by the
6th. Can I have it on time? Tailor—

No, sir; we do a strictly cash busi-
ness.

Boston Transcript.

**Wipe out the past, trust the future
and live in glorious now.**—Towne.

MARK TWAIN AS A LINGUIST.

His Grim Vow After He Firmly Desid-
ed to Learn French.

When Mark Twain was a young re-
porter, working on the San Francisco
Call, he made up his mind to learn the
French language. He did not want to
go to the expense of a teacher, and so
he bought a grammar and conversation
book and set to work. Before breakfast
he pored over the lessons; late in the
evening he was at it again, and every
available moment of the day he em-
ployed with equal assiduity.

He soon began to look about for op-
portunities to make use of his new ac-
complishment. Accordingly he began to
eat at a French restaurant once a week.

One day as he and his roommate

were coming out of the restaurant they
found on the sidewalk just outside the
door a Frenchman. He was asking
first one passerby and then another the
way to a certain street, but no one un-
derstood him. That was Mark's chance.

The Frenchman looked at him with
wistful eyes and began to talk. Mark listened attentively. Three

or four times the stranger was com-
pelled to repeat his question, then

Mark seemed to catch his drift. But

he had scarcely spoken half a dozen

words in reply, when the Frenchman
fell to the sidewalk in a dead faint.

The true cause of the stranger's

fainting may never be known. Very

likely he was famished, and perhaps

he had been put out of this very res-
taurant because of his seedy appear-
ance. But, whatever the cause, the
joke was on Mark for once. Mark's

roommate was careful enough of his
friendship not to tell the incident at

the office of the Morning Call, but he

tensed the rising humorist a good deal

about it. When the fun had lasted long

enough Mark set his jaw, and with

unlimited determination written on

his features announced, "I'll learn

French if it kills every Frenchman in

the country!"—Youth's Companion.

FOR SALE

Rocky : Grove : Sunday : School

Straban township will hold

their annual Festival :

Saturday, Evening June 27

If weather is unfavorable the following Monday

EVERYBODY INVITED

FOR SALE

Two second hand 1911 Hud-
son fore-door touring Cars

S. G. BIGHAM, Biglerville, Pa.

When you go away
on your vacation

Bargain Clearance Sale

IN :

FLOOR COVERINGS AND DRAPERIES

Which began on Monday, June 8th, will continue all week.

75 Room Size Rugs at a great saving.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS and MATTING

Much under regular prices.

Lots of Window Draperies

Many at half price.

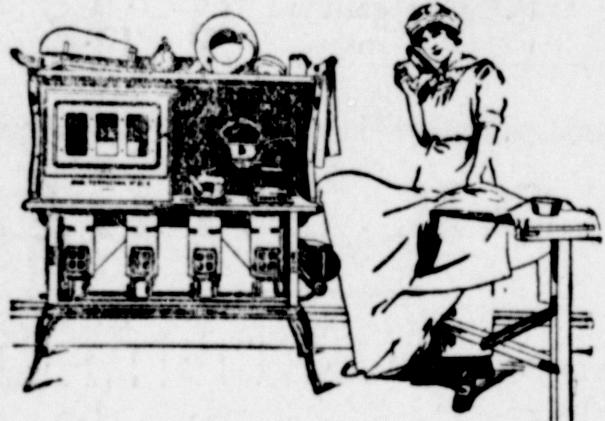
An opportunity for money saving for new housekeepers as well as those who wish to add or replace.

The Early Comers have Greatest Choice

G. W. Weaver & Son

Dry Goods Department Store.

A COOL KITCHEN



A cool kitchen on ironing day is possible with a

New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

The heat is all in the burner—none in the room.

The New Perfection is cheaper than coal—and cooks better. Broils, bakes, roasts, toasts.

In 1, 2, 3 and 4 burner sizes. Ask to see the 1914 model 4 burner, cabinet range with fireless cooking oven. At all hardware and general stores.

The Atlantic Refining Company Philadelphia

ALL RIDING CULTIVATORS MUST BE SOLD

It doesn't pay to carry stock over the season and the time is here for these cultivators to move.

Iron Age

Beyond question the best cultivator the market affords. Costs a bit more than some, but if you want the best here it is.

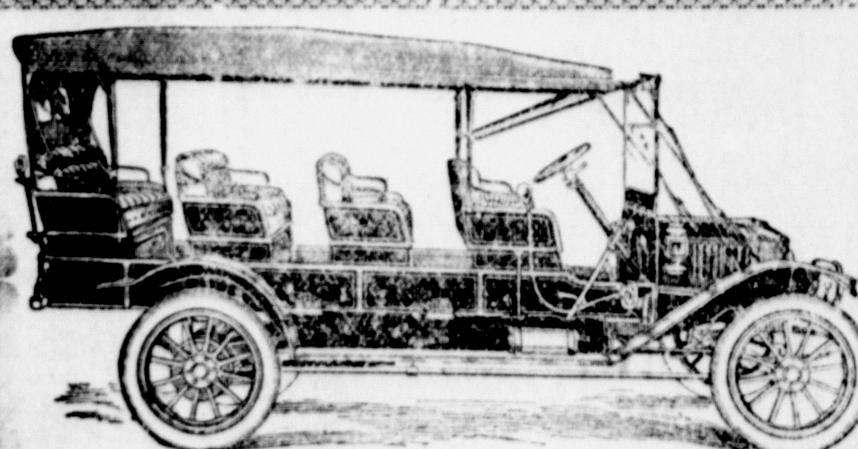
The Hench & Dromgold line you are familiar with. We carry their three models in 6 and 8 shovel sizes.

Hench & Dromgold Junior Hench Improved Twentieth Century

Look these plows over and get our prices on them.

C. C. BRAEM

Cor. York & Stratton Sts. United Phone Gettysburg.



Will make round trips to FIREMEN'S CONVENTION AT: WESTMINSTER Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Rates reasonable. United phone 117 x 42 W. High street.

Medical Advertising

A Woman's Charm

Beautiful hair, fluffy, lustrous, abundant and free from dandruff, is one of woman's greatest charms—it's her main delight—but many who would be most attractive but for their streaked, thin and lifeless hair, think there is no remedy and that pretty hair is a gift of nature. Beautiful hair is really a matter of care and attention. Parisian Sage, when rubbed into the scalp, and applied to the hair will work wonders—you will be surprised and delighted with the first application—not only will the hair appear abundant, soft, fluffy, radiant with life, but really doubly beautiful.

Parisian Sage supplies hair and scalp needs. It surely removes dandruff with one application and cleanses the hair of all dirt and excessive oil. It is an inexpensive, scientific tonic, and contains nothing to injure the hair or scalp. It can be secured from The People's Drug Store or any drug store.

THE WESTERN

MARYLAND RAILWAY

- 4:40 A. M. Daily for York, Hanover, Baltimore and all intermediate stations.
8:46 A. M. Daily except Sunday for Hanover, York and intermediate points.
11:10 A. M. Daily for Hagerstown, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Hancock, Cumberland, Pittsburgh, Chicago and the West, also Elkins, W. Va.
3:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, for York, Baltimore and intermediate points.
5:38 P. M. Daily for Hanover, York and intermediate stations.
5:38 P. M. Daily except Sunday for Hagerstown, Waynesboro, Chambersburg and intermediate stations.
5:50 P. M. Sunday only for Baltimore and intermediate stations.

An Ordinance.

Levying Tax rate for the Borough of Gettysburg for the year 1914.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Gettysburg, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same:

Section 1. That for the year 1914 there is levied a tax of seven mills for general Borough purposes.

Section 2. That for the year 1914 there is levied a tax of two and one half mills, for the payment of interest accruing on bonds, and for the redemption of such bonds as may legally mature.

Presented to and adopted by [Comini] this second day of June, A. D. 1914.

J. CYCLO. J. L. Butt, President
Attest: W. H. Raymond, Burgess
C. B. Kitzmiller, Clerk
Secretary, 666 E. Stock, Pres. Pro. Tech.

Approved this Second day of June, A. D. 1914.

John H. Raymond,
Burgess.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1914 the undersigned will offer at public sale the following real estate situated at McKnightstown Station, Franklin Township, Adams County:

TRACT NO. 1. A tract containing approximately fifty-three (53) Acres of land, occupied by Samuel E. Waller, a tenant, improved with a two story frame dwelling house, barn and out-buildings, running water, fruit trees; adjoining the right of way of the Western Maryland Railway and well adapted for fruit, farming or trucking purposes. This farm is known as the "W. S. Duttera farm". From this tract will be excluded Tract No. 3, hereinafter mentioned.

TRACT NO. 2. A tract of land on the South side of and adjoining the Western Maryland Railway at McKnightstown Station. Containing approximately six (6) Acres of land, proved with a two (2) story frame dwelling house and out-buildings and well adapted for trucking purposes.

TRACT NO. 3. The Tannery property and warehouse site excluded from Tract No. 1. This Tract is improved with a frame tannery building, Fairbank's Standard Wagon Scales, small two story frame dwelling and is well adapted for warehouse, tannery or business purposes.

The above land is the property of W. S. Duttera of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and will be sold by the undersigned by virtue of a power of attorney executed and delivered by the said W. S. Duttera and his wife to the undersigned.

The sale will be held promptly at 1:30 o'clock on the premises. The tracts will be offered separately and as a whole. Terms and conditions will be announced at the sale.

V. W. S. DUTTERA,
JOHN D. KEITH,
Attorneys in fact.

BUILDING LOTS For Sale

The most desirable residential section around the town: west side, overlooking the entire town. A number of lots adjoining Seminary.

Apply to
Robt. S. Bream

SUMMER JACKETS.

Dainty Lightweight Affairs to Wear With Washable Gowns.



ATTRACTIVE JACKET.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

On the Fourth of July

By JOHN Y. LARNED

It was predicted when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated on July 4, 1776, that the anniversary of the day would be celebrated with the firing of cannon and such explosive demonstrations of joy. The prediction has been fulfilled to the present day, but during the past quarter century the old Independence day passed away forever. The day is now most fittingly celebrated by recalling the struggle which made good the assertion of the American people. Here is a story of the Revolution:

New Jersey was the principal battleground of the Revolution. The region between New York and Philadelphia was a great deal of the time debatable ground. The British occupied New York city and, for a portion of the time, Philadelphia. Washington stationed himself on the heights of Morristown between the two cities, but much nearer New York than Philadelphia. Over the lower ground, from Trenton to Jersey City, couriers were galloping, spies were lurking and a stray soldier wearing the red or the blue was moving on some errand.

Some five miles southwest of Newark, where the city of Orange now stands, was the residence of a Tory named Wardle. His daughter, Virginia, had two suitors, the one a British, the other an American officer. Edgar Plimpton, the redcoat, was with General Howe at New York, and since the army of occupation had little to do the young Englishman made frequent excursions to visit the lady he loved, while Alan Trowbridge, who was at Morristown, rode in the opposite direction and about the same distance on a similar errand.

Either one of these officers was liable to fall into the hands of some re-convicting or foraging party of the side against which he fought. Then, too, it was quite possible that they might meet at the Wardle mansion.

One night it was the Fourth of July, by the way Lieutenant Trowbridge, descending the Orange mountain, galloped through the valley between him and the Wardles and drew up before the gate. Without waiting to be admitted he stalked into the house, to find Miss Virginia in the drawing room. She was evidently much perturbed.

Trowbridge asked her if he had come inopportunistically, if he had not better leave, but to ask such questions she gave unsatisfactory replies. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of his visit she appeared ill at ease, and he found himself obliged to do nearly all the talking, the young lady confining herself to monosyllables.

Trowbridge knew of the attentions of Captain Plimpton and had come to her to ask her to decide between himself and the Britisher. He began a little speech he had arranged to that effect, but Virginia, showing signs of still greater embarrassment, endeavored to check him. He persisted and as he finished with the words "decide now between him and me", a closet door opened and his rival stepped forth in the dress of a citizen.

"If this matter is to be settled here," he said, "I prefer not to be plagued in the position of eavesdropper. Rather I would hear my doom openly."

"How comes it, captain," said Trowbridge, "that you are so near the American lines and not in uniform? Are you aware that if caught as you are you are liable to be treated as a spy?"

He had no sooner spoken the words than there was the sound of horses' hoofs without and through the window they could see a dozen Continental troopers at the gate. An officer dismounted and coming up to the door which stood open walked into the hall. Looking into the living room he saw the two men and the girl. To Trowbridge, in whom he recognized a patriot officer, he said:

"Pardon me, sir, for entering unannounced, but I have been told that a British spy was in this neighborhood and since this house is occupied by notorious Tories I am likely to find him here."

"There is no spy on these premises," replied Trowbridge. "I give you my word for that."

The officer looked suspiciously at Plimpton. "I fear," he said, "that I shall have to ask this gentleman to give an account of himself."

Plimpton was about to speak—to declare his identity—when Trowbridge stopped him.

"I have vouchsed for the gentleman," he said. "That should be enough."

"Who is he?"

"I have told you that he is not a spy."

"Nevertheless I must satisfy myself of that."

"Leave this house, sir."

"On what authority?"

"By order of the commander in chief. I am Lieutenant Trowbridge of his staff."

"Pardon me, Lieutenant," said the other, and, turning, he rejoined his troopers, and they all rode away.

Then followed an impressive tableau. Virginia, turning to Captain Plimpton, took his hand in both of hers, looking him steadfastly in the eyes. Then she turned, and, throwing her arms about Trowbridge, her head fell on his breast.

"I do not blame you," said the captain. "I only regret that I might not at least have been given an opportunity to do so noble an action."

Without another word he left the house and never saw Virginia Wardle again.

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